A CHOICE and DIVERTING

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Hughſon the Cobler

AND

Margery his Wife;

WHICH

Happened about Twelve a Clock, at his arrival Home from the Alehouſe.

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-Lane LONDON.

A DIALOGUE between

Hughſon and *Margery.*

WIFE.

SOU! you old ſot! is this an hour
To be heard rapping at your door?
Muſt all the neighbours break their reſt
To humour you, a drunking beaſt?
Is't not a ſhame at twelve o'clock,
To riſe me ſtarving in my ſmock;
Well may I cough, you ugly cur,
Like an old grannum of fourſcore, (foot,
When I'm thus forc'd to come down bare-
From my warm bed to the ſtairs-foot.

HUSBAND.

You maundering devil, hold thy tongue
Next time I'll tarry all night long,
If you can't open the door without
All this confounded noiſy rout:

What's that to you how long I ſtay,
My time's my own by night or day,
And as I pleaſe will always uſe it,
When I've a fancy to abuſe it.
Therefore go up to bed, I bid you, (yous
Leſt ſomething worſe than words betide
For you ſhall get more good by holding
Your rattle, than by all your ſcolding.

WIFE.

I've cauſe to ſpeak, you drunken dog
Such uſage would prove a log;
Nay urge the very wall to talk,
Or the dumb ſtone on which we walk;
I think you rogue, I've given you proof
Of a wife's patience long enough:
I'm ſure I'm never out of reaſon.
What I now ſay, I ſpeak in ſeaſon.
Ill words my neighbours know I ſcorn,
But tread upon a worm 'twill turn —
Damning in drink and ſwearing,
And to abuſe an honeſt woman,
As if ſhe was a ſlut that's common,
What fleſh can bear ſuch provocation
Without ſome ſhow of heat and paſſion.

HUSBAND.

Thou teizing hag, did I begin?
Did you not raving let me in?
Huſſey! I find no lie will choak ye,
What did I ſay firſt to provoke ye?
But 'tis your way to diſagree,
And then to lay the blame on me;
The ſcold thinks always 'tis her right,
Firſt to begin the verbal fight,
Then charges, when her tongue's grown (weary,
The fault upon her adverſary.

WIFE.

WIFE.

'Tis falſe you hedge-hog, did you not
Firſt ſwear, and call me God knows what?
Accuſe me of a thouſand failings,
Provoke my paſſion with your railings?
Tell me of this and t'other blade,
As if I'd been ſome arrant jade?
Poh! you old fumbling drunking ſot
That only hugs the pipe and pot,
I'd have you know, tho' your ſo jealous,
I ſcorn your little naſty fellows:
I'd find, were I inclin'd that way,
Other-gueſs ſparks than you or they:
Such that wou'd ſcorn I ſhould appear
In that I'm forced now to wear:
But would be glad that I ſhould go,
In my lac'd ſhoes and furbelow;
I've had good proffers in my time,
The more fool I to ſcorn the crime,
From handſome men that lov'd me too
Who would have kinder prov'd then you
But rather then endure this ſorrow,
You ſot, I'll horn your brows to morrow.

HUSBAND.

The devil's in woman ſure,!
What ſlave can ſuch a tongue endure.
Zounds! jealous of thy beauteous ſplender
More ugly than the witch of Endor;
A ſcolding harridan that's near
Her deſpicable fortieth year:
Whoſe hagged face has not a feature,
But mark'd with envy and ill-nature;
An errant ſlut, a wrangling beaſt,
Whoſe tongue cannot a moment reſt;
A hopeful hagg I muſt agree
T'inſpire a man with jealouſy:
Did I ſay any thing to ſhew,
My doubt of ſuch a ſpiteful ſhrew

Or ſcatter any words miſtruſtful,
About your being lewd or luſtful,
Reflect upon your ſparks and fellows.
Or madly talk of being jealous?
Faith my dear dowdy, thou't miſtaken,
Thy ſkins too much like ruſty bacon,
To rancid and too old to be
Fancied by any fool but me.

WIFE.

You lie, you feeble drone, you do,
I'm handſome young, good natur'd too
Too good for ſuch a rogue as you,
I might have had, I'll make appear,
A man of twenty pounds a year,
And like a lady liv'd before
I marry'd you, a dirty cur,
And could have ſince, had I been willing
Earn'd many a crown and many a ſhilling
Nay guineas too I might, that's more
And yet not tell a lie I'm ſure;
But rogue I ſcorn to play the whore;
Yet if you plague me thus, you brute,
It is enough to make me do't;
For a good wife may by paſſion,
Be drove againſt her inclination;
Revenge may make a virtuous wife
Do what ſhe ne'er did in her life,
And cauſe her when ill-us'd to doat on,
Some other man ſhe never thought on.
Therefore you fumbling ſot take care
When drunk you vex me not to far,
For if you put me in a rage,
You ſot, I'll horn you in your age.

HUSBAND.

Zounds! go to bed, you noiſy fool,
Your ſcut by this time muſt be cool,
You've a great beat upon you ſure,
To talk thus in your ſmock an hour,

Juſt now you quarrel'd 'cauſe 'twas late.
But you can ſtill find time to prate,
Get you to bed you teaſing witch,
And warm you now you've cool'd your briteh
Stand not here talking 'till you freeze,
The beauty of your ugly phiz,
At ſuch a midnight hour as this.

WIFE.

I ſcold! what is it I have ſaid,
Tell me I ſcold I'll break your head:
What a provoking ſot is this,
To ſay I've ſpoke one word amiſs,
Sirrah! have you not ſwore and ly'd,
And falſly told me of my pride,
Accus'd my innocence with crimes
And call'd me whore a thouſand times;
And muſt I ſtand as if it 'twas truth,
Mute, with my finger in my mouth;
No grinning ape, you hooping owl,
I'll not be ſuch a ſilent fool;
That's what you want I know to make me,
But firſt I'll ſee you hang'd, God take me.

HUSBAND.

You hawling noiſy witch, who calls you
Whore, why what the devil ails you?
Thou'art very honeſt, that I know,
Thy uglyneſs has kept thee ſo;
Thy virtue has been much beholding,
To thy face, temper, and ſcolding
From the horn plague I'm ſecure,
But curs'd with all the reſt I'm ſure;
Sure ſo tormenting and perplexing,
So iritating and ſo vexing,
That would make any mortal fly,
From ſuch a barren beaſt but I.

WIFE

'Tis your own fault, you villain, no man
But you would thus abuſe a woman,
I'll bear with ſuch affronts no longer,
I'll try you, raſcal, who's the ſtronger;
Take that, you rogue, O murder! murder
I'll make you keep your tongue in order.

HUSBAND.

Be quiet, huſſey, are you mad?
Let go my hair you ſaucy jade,
What do you ſcratch me too you witch,
Take that,—you bold rebellious bitch!

WIFE.

O murder! dog! I'll make you feel me
Help, neighbours! or the rogue will kill me
O help! —I'll fight while I have life!
Ah, cowardly whelp! to ſtrike a wife.

HUSBAND.

Confound your claws! muſt I ſet ſtill
You beaſt, and let thee have thy will.
Muſt I ſubmit to ſuch a ſhrew,
To have my eyes torn out by you;
Did you not firſt with tooth and tallon
Draw blood e'er I begin to fall on?

WIFE.

O wretched! wretch! to falſly ſay,
Alas! that I began the fray!
Did you not kick me like a dog,
And call me barren beaſt, you rogue?
Did you not ſtrike me like a villain,
Upon the breaſt enough to kill one;
Oh! how it doth both throb and ſmart,
It pains me to the very heart
For ought I know, am ruin'd by't,
I ſhall not ſleep a wink to night!
O! how my belly pains me too,
I've got a kick will make me rue;
Your knee or foot has hurt me, ſraah,
But you'll repent it by to-morrow.

HUSBAND.

Thou lying devil of a wife,
I never ſtruck thee in my life,
But if I ſtay much longer here,
Thou wilt provoke me to't I fear.
Thy tongue will ſtill enrage me farther,
And then perhaps there may be murder,
So good-night beldam, I'll to-bed
With my ſcratch'd face and broken head.

WIFE SOLUS.

I'm glad the dog crept up to kennel,
I'll make him humble as a ſpannel,
I'll not be friends 'till he ſhall court me;
I know the rogue believes he's hurt me;
When as I live I do not know,
In all the ſcuffle I'd a blow,
However I muſt cry to-morrow,
And tell the neighbours all my ſorrow,
Complain how ſadly he abus'd me;
How barbarouſly and ill he us'd me
Tell them what pains I took to pleaſe him
But could not on my life appeaſe him:
Charge all the blame on him and ſpoil,
My tears like any crocodile,
I vow and ſwear it joys my heart
To think how I ſhall act my part;
How the old buck will be out witted,
And his poor wife, bemoan'd and pitied.
Women are fools that lets their ſpouſes
Uſurp dominion in their houſes;
The cunning dames may find a way
To make them eaſily obey,
If ſhe in any caſe would gain,
Her point ſhe only need complain;
For though the huſband is bely'd
The world will be o'th' woman's ſide.

FINIS.